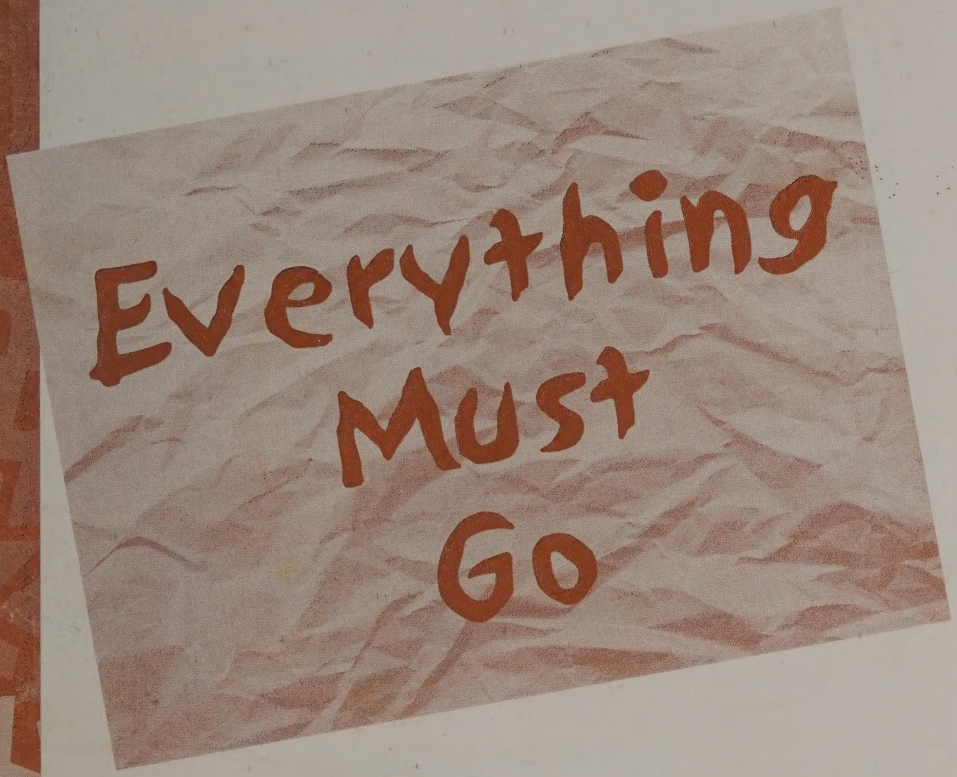


Selections from
"Late Night Garage Sale: The Show"

by
The ADODI Muse
A Gay Negro Ensemble

Frances –

Thank you so much for the love and wonderful energy you give to us all the time. I love you for it and for the uplifting spirit you bring to everything you do.

Malik

Frances

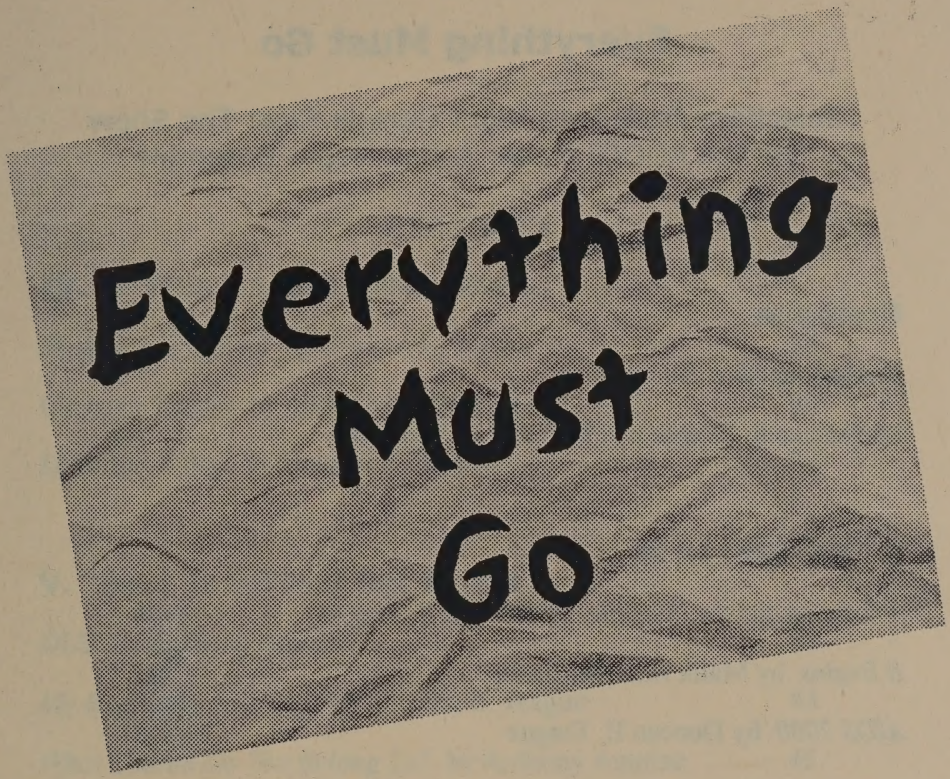
Thanks so much for the support

Love
Anthony

Frances,

Thank you so much for all the work!
We so appreciate you!

Love
Mark & Angie



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The ADODI Muse are:
Duncan E. Teague, Malik M.L. Williams, and Anthony Antoine

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Everything Must Go

Selections from Late Night Garage Sale: The Show
by The ADODI Muse: A Gay Negro Ensemble

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Prologue

"Everything Must Go"

by Duncan E. Teague
& malik m. l. williams

I. Duncan

Stockdale's finest Donnie's Country Cookin'

Steamers filled with grease and salt
Not a vegetarian in this part of Dekalb County
Then over my shoulder
Televisions' worst is having a moment
Truckers inraptured by the folly
Sweaty hearty Georgia men with caps displaying every failed company outside the city limits
I have to eat missed breakfast
Missed Donnie's breakfast and lunch looks like dinner
In Georgia dinner is lunch and supper is dinner, anyway
I seek safe single seating under the too loud set
Recall the garage sale and wonder if I could sell Donnie's
The too smooth too rude talk show host paid a gay baby to come out
On national TV
Paid to have life turned inside out like a leftover sock
for the viewing audience here in Stockdale
They don't have a liquor licsence and I wonder why
Beer and Jerry Springer go together
Gay Boys telling the world about life in a chair on a stage
Redneck dads strutting and screaming
Screaming just the way my folks did
Screaming louder like it removes the sin
Screaming all over my greens and mashed potatoes
We didn't raise you this way
It's got to go
All of it
We gonna sell it in a garage sale
Every talk show host cept Oprah
All the screaming is going to go
I see it vats of coming out juice for sale
Fortified with vitamin C

We gonna sell it
The Six O' Clock News and the Ten and Eleven-Fifty Percent Off
What else can you do with it

No more pledge drives on Public TV its all gone be Public
Can't send it to Russia, Melasia, or China
They having their own garage sale trying to get us to buy their stuff
Its got to go.
Instead of some stuffy queen playing Mozart
For your shopping pleasure
The Homophobia Koolaid Band, drinks on the house
Backed up by the vocals of Straight Guys with a Clue
Its a small group
There ain't no room for Freedom and Justice till we have a sale
So we gonna have a sale
Got to make room for myself
Got to clear it out
Everything must go.

II. Malik

It's shit.
Pure and pungent,
odorous and obscene.
It's burdensome and awesome,
it's cumbersome and weighty
and it's history.
It's for sale:
"Special, once-in-a-lifetime offer!"

I saw it on TV.
High school boy came out to his mama
with his still-in-high-school lover
for a national television audience.
He didn't know no other way

Urban America watched,
40-ounce fattened asses
grinding potato chip grease into couches,

hollering at the set.
Watched mama get pissed,
embarrassed,
hurt.
Baby boy fucked up.

That shit's got to go:
All of it

What you gonna do?
We put it out there
told everybody dysfunctional is okay
told everybody to tell everybody they business
then wonder why they all up in our shit
Well, it's out there now
so it's got to go

Fuck that politically polite
Miss-America-Queen-of-the-Universe-
I-want-everybody-to-love-me-or-at-least-act-like-they-do bullshit
Ain't no room left for nothing but the truth,
the rest has got to go.

Time to stop singing the blues too;
put that same sad song in the sale.
That ol' miserable melody with all the pain and deception
(inside and out)
all the anger and denial,
all that conflama.
We'll sell it all.

It's got to go.

Everything must go.

I.

"We Still In It . . ."

"A Solution for the Invisible"

by Duncan E. Teague
02.12.00-10AM

Don't know why I look at the news any more
Now they got boxes to put stray dogs in
There are Box Busters, of course, some have won in court
Where is our soul
Putting a helpless animal in a streetside box

I see some Stray Dogs in my life
that may end up in a street side box
for Punks with the Package
Just drop 'em in when they too sick to care for
Cause if ya don't care enough about yaself
Who is suppose to care bout ya

Mamma can't talk about it
Daddy hopin he ain't got it from that gal down the road
Oh, we ain't suppose to know bout her and that little boy
Look just like me, only he is eight years younger
The Assistant to the Bishop died of a heart attack at thirty-four.
Yeah, a heart attack
His heart was the Minister of Music over at Shiloh Baptist
They got caught at the joint last spring.
His attack
Not seeing that doctor at the University

Yeah they gonna put boxes out
The county will empty once a week
That's all they can afford
They'll be nice boxes with beds and fresh water for two Punks
Don't let them put more than that in there.

My soul look back and wonder
How we gone make it over
Boxes on the street
Stray Dogs To Go.

"It Begins"

by Malik M.L. Williams

I check in the mirror
for spots
irregularities
telltale signs.
I am fatalistic that way.
My friends' assurances
I ignore.
I imagine some alien organism
inside
attacking me.

I cough,
check for blood,
mucous,
signs of infection.
I sneeze
hold my snot up to the light;
tiny traces of red
and yellow
fuel my suspicions.
I sit and shit
then turn
and peer into the bowl.
Strange colors
enhance my niggling doubts.

I awake
from restless sleep
search the bed
for wetness.
The absence of sweat
on the sheets
does not dissuade me.
I time the healing
of my many minor injuries

by the calendar on the wall:
every cut seems
to take just a bit longer.

I wring my hands
in anticipation
of the inevitable.
Every scar on my body
I elevate to lesion status.
Every cold
encysts pneumonia
in my mind.

Daily
I awaken
return to the mirror
to check for spots
irregularities
telltale signs...

"AIDS 2000"

by Duncan E. Teague

Prelude:

We still in it
Like dirty maple syrup on your hands after the pancakes are gone
Fingers gooey with debris
Like a bumblebee stuck in the car
Will not fly out the window no matter what you do
Only we used to it
We used to having the package

Poem:

The hot boys look hotter than ever
No matter what they holding on to
I can tell though if they got it
There is a way you can just tell
I ain't been tested but
I ain't been messing 'round nobody sick
I don't do the sick and shut in
I can tell

Used to have to wear that black jacket once every week
"Somewhere Over The Rainbow" got
real tired
Balloons, flowers, programs, phone calls
All those caskets and folks just peering around the church
Guessing who gone be next
All that crying and hollering
It's all quiet now
It's all quiet now
'Cept at the club

The fresh ones don't know nothing about it
Babies, so new, just new, fresh
Think they know how to party

They don't even know what is was like
Hot though
Kinda stuck up, way too much attitude
Cute though
So Young, so fresh
They don't have it, too young
So we just play and groove on
It's even hard some times to recall
What all that fuss was about
It's quiet now
No acting up now
Not a lot of carrying on
I wonder if it's over with really.

I got my boys
I got some of this new music
It's tight
I got what I need
We got all we need right here
Our corner in front of the club
Thursday through Sunday
We take Monday off, it's dead anyway
Just chillin'

Some queen said something bout new rates
Tried to make out like we got it bad now
I don't see it
I ain't compromising, ya know what I mean
Why they always trying to pin it on a brother
Always trying to bust up a good thing
Out of all my folks
Blue is the only one who is sick

Blue is my heart
But he was not letting them put all them drugs in him
He don't trust the county hospital folks
Said they tried to kill him last time
Blue is my man
He will pull through
He is the only one though

That ain't that bad

Everything's cool
I mean it is 2000
I mean it is 2000, right?
I don't see it
Don't try to make it last year's shit
Please, don't try to play me like that

Blue will be fine.
His momma is here
We are all cool
You can't trust every thing them white folks saying, no way
I don't see it
I don't see it

II.

"Rather Live with the Memories . . ."

"The Old Washer"

by Duncan E. Teague
April 3, 2000, 12:15 PM

All the centuries of souls
Longing for the touch of your hand
free to be with the other
All the aunties crying
at dressing tables with hair brushes
old ivory handled brushes filled with knots of gray
Hair that was silently stroked

All the bachelors laid to rest
by unfamiliar family in obligation
in faraway plots beside blood related enemies
Grieving, screaming widowers hushed
and held in the background
No disrespect
We will take that, it was his anyway

That was hers right?
Right?
Silently walking the hallways
crowded with pictures fallen from the unworn wallpapered spots
Cluttered woven rugs from roadside stands bought during that good year
The road trip year
Revenue check was bountiful and unexpected that year
Bought the washer togeher

Big white enamel with stainless basket
Three cycles like our time together
Prewash soak, Washing, Rinse and spin
Folded the clean baskets full
Clothes week after loving week to years after trying years
Lovingly socks just so to the third drawer
Drawers to the first drawer

The busted avocado dryer to the dump
Lovers to the churchyard in another state
Precious washer to the garage sale.

"Park Poem #2"

by Malik M.L. Williams

There are summers in the park
I'd rather forget.
Dirty nights
left me
stained
yearning
eager for anonymity
in the moonlight.

Moving through the man-groves
clandestine encounters,
figures drifting
shifting and turning an obscene
waltz beneath the trees.

There was bark
against my naked ass,
a boy with no name
worshipping before me,
seed spilled
seeping unseen into the ground
hidden in the darkness.

There was pain
facedown on a park bench,
moonlit stripes on the ground
beneath me.
A man with no face
grunting and sweaty,
pushing his way inside.

There was humiliation.

A ghostly, gliding spectator
witnessing empty intimacy.
Quick burst inside me,
weight lifting off my back,

zipper breaking the silence,
silhouette retreating against the moonlight,
semen oozing down the back of my thigh.

There was desperation
and solitude
in the filthy summer nights
under the trees
in the park.

"You Do Things to Me."

by Duncan E. Teague

April 3, 2000, 2:23PM

The kettle whistles
rather live with the memories.
The siren screaming along Scott Boulevard calls me away.
I'd rather not take calls.

Rather drown in the funny flower scented bath salts
than smell like I do after we make love.
Looking through the old albums under the turn table,
blowing dust off the jackets of old music stars,
playing like the worn out old tunes on the scratched LPs.
Theres no music interlude for this dread
that you will come back.

I will let you turn the fire off under the kettle
turn off the hot water faucet
push the stop button on the pulsing noisy dryer
and touch me.
Touch me on my spot
letting two fingers excite me, again.
Proceed to do with me whatever your fingers will.

I think that blue wool sweater is in there shrinking.
I think I washed it first.
I tried, I think first.
I don't care!

Like a convict home from the old state pen,
Rooster early in the farmyard morning
waking sleepy safe parts of my soul up, too early.
If I had the energy
I would hate you!

Don't make the bed anymore, again.
Why make it pretty, inviting, like it was?

I dusted and wheezed on all the you
I could not wipe off the dresser.
Brown eyes are reddened puffy and runny.
All the time I breathe the leftover you in this house
pollen you put in my head infects me.
I put the paper in the water
and left the teabag hanging outside my favorite blue cup.
Put the cereal box in the frig
the milk soured next to the dry split pea soupmix.

Trying to escape, started the car,
Remembered your handsome photo was still in the house
on the out of tune piano.
Got out the car.
Listening to our song drone on the radio
Shut the damned door.
Retreived your photo to return to the developer.
Hope he can make you right.
Heard our song ending while the engine hummed along
Six keys locked inside dangling over that cheap heart keyring,
"Always" written real fancy on the tarnished gold.

"Blaming You"

by Malik M.L. Williams

I have blamed you for years
your Pisces nature
your sexual freedom
that didn't include me
your youth, your carelessness.

I have blamed you
for knowing too much
for fucking me
and doing things to me
I couldn't have taught you

I have blamed you
blamed you for the death of us
for not being ready for us
for lying about us

I have blamed you for smiles
smiles I shared with your lover
sitting on our couch in our home
you wanted us to have

I have blamed you for scaring me
for the possibility of death
I didn't choose
a gift from your outside partner
sent directly to me

I have blamed you
blamed you for your own stupidity
at taking him inside
when you knew what it could mean
for both of us

I have blamed you
for years, years!
for your nonchalance the next day

when I told you it was over
and you walked out
with your new man

I have blamed you
even as I looked for you
found you in another man
who could cheat and lie
just like you

I have blamed you
or I have tried
tried to blame you
when all along I was blaming myself

Blaming myself
for expecting too much
from you at nineteen and twenty
for loving you as if it was my right
and not a privilege

So now I'm telling you
Telling you the truth
I could not say then
the truth of how much you hurt me
and how guilty I felt at the same time.

And I'm asking you
instead of blaming you
asking you to forgive me
for not forgiving you before now

I'm asking you
not to blame me
because I couldn't stop
blaming you
blaming me

III.

"Behind Awakened Eyes . . ."

"I'll Try a Personal Ad"

by Duncan E. Teague

If you agree with the statement:
"No fats, no fems, nor Blacks"
Then very simply, unfuck you and the bigotry you rode in on,
Go to the next ad Asshole.

If, however you work for a living, love to be appreciated on Friday evening
after an hellacious week
Then we can talk
Some college would be nice but not necessary
I ain't passive but will do what ever is necessary at the time
Skill is more important than size because I am not a virgin and
This is not an ad to assist married half-closeted men in finding therapy.
Race unimportant, but good taste in restaurants is.

If you need a roommate this is the wrong ad - I have one
If you need a maid this is the wrong ad- I don't feel it for love or hot sex
If you need help coming out -Call a help line

Since I don't know how straight acting I can be with your legs on my shoulders
If you require that bullshit you have read too far.
If someone else is reading this for you bless you and go the next ad.
If the term queen is derogatory, get a clue as you skip to the next ad

If you have survived to get to this line leave your E-mail address
or other pertinent information at
Iamjusthowgrandlsay@myworld.donttryme.com

"On the D.L."

A Rap by Malik M.L. Williams

Intro

Yo! Yo!
This is for all those DL brothas out there
and you know who you are.
So if you're looking for a real man
who knows how to keep his shit
on the hush,
hit me back.
Come on, show some love
and check this!

Rap

Down Low!
Here we go
listen at how my spittin' flow
Keeping it real
with my peeps
don't nobody know:
Boys on the side
booties tight for the ride
got 'em tripping
stripping
flipping side-to-side

A masculine man
show you how to be hard.
Sissies – get – out – my – yard!
Like SWAT on my ass
faggots try to get in
when my ad said
"Straight-Acting men."

Women wanna lick me
Queens be trying to trick me

Straight boys never pick me
You just want a stick – me,
up in your ass
while you playing the role
selling your soul
lying, trying to hide is the goal.

Guess it doesn't matter
I'ma have to shatter
all y'all illusions
watching bitches scatter.

> Yo! I ain't got to act like a woman
> just 'cause I want to get with a man.
> Know what I'm saying?

'Cause I'm still the man
still began
standing up strong
like a soldier
with a tight battle plan

I'm still on top
still won't stop
coming at you hard
like the bullets
from a New York cop.

Down Low
don't nobody ever have to know.
Down Low
don't nobody ever have to know.
Down Low
don't nobody ever have to know
how you flow
when you go
Down Low.

"The Queen's Secret"

by Anthony Antoine

He spent his time cruisin'
With something to prove
Mackin' women down the avenue
All the time cat callin'
Any chance to get to ballin'
You know the kind of thangs that men do
Though hurting on the inside
Fighting to hide,
The nature of his true soul
He got himself a girlfriend
Again and again
But the pretense was getting old

He vowed not to let it show
So how could the world ever know?
He's a queen!

He swore the world would never know
But I know, he knows, and God knows
That's a queen

Out in public, golden boy
A real ladies man
But inside he cried alone
It's such a disbelief
But his only sexual relief
Was when another fine, young, hung man
Took him home
Then he'd shine
Dancin' and Prancin'
His flamin' behind
With a flare that only queens could
The only time he'd show it
Swore the world would never know it
Most his lovers understood

But the girls
He's got them tricked
Just 'cause he's masculine
And has a d*ck
I know he's a queen!

And don't know who he think he's foolin'
And those he's foolin' need some schoolin'
Can't y'all tell?
That's a queen!

And I say,
Ain't nothin' wrong with his royal flair.
Just 'cause he like men to take him there
You know
To that place where two people go
When the mood is right
In the discretion of night
His butt used to be tight
But know he can't fight
The attraction
'Cause it's men that he lusts
And girls, you can trust
And believe
Just as good as he gives it'
Is just as good as he takes it.
Do you hear me?
That's a queen!

And once he called me faggot
And like the punk I was, I laughed
'Til I realized
Expressions of self-hate
Behind both our weary eyes
We just couldn't see
And that same tongue that uttered hate
In a closet one night could not wait
To —
Well we won't go there.
But that's how I know
He's a queen!

And still to this day
The queen
Along with society
They call me faggot
But you know
These days
I do not laugh

And in that silence y'all realized
Ah!
Expressions of fear
Behind those awakened eyes.
Now you see.
And those same tongues that utter hate,
Amplify and multiply beggin' me to wait
Before I disclose
The queen's secret

That your fathers
Your brothers,
Your husbands,
Your lovers,
Your very best friends,
And even me.
'Cause see
You can't always spot royalty.
And yes we all vowed not to let it show.
But OOPS!
I guess I just let
The whole world know.
Well you ain't heard it from me.
And don't say I said so.
But be aware.
'Cause there
Are queens wherever you go.

Do you hear me?
But are you listenin'?
Okay!

"The Man I Want"

by Malik M.L. Williams

Fighting myself,
I feel the need
to be with someone
who will allow me to be
closeted.
Or out.
Me.
I choose my men
for their obvious appeal
of not being obvious.
I dream of men
fiercely masculine
and loving the black queen
I long to be.
I envision myself
in sequins and Fashion Fair,
my latest performance
applauded
by my ruffneck,
hardbody,
live-in lover.

Fighting myself,
I
butch it up
hoping to attract the man I want
by becoming the man I want
instead of
the man I want to be.

IV.

"I Was a Little Black Boy . . ."

"Shaken Not Stirred"

by Duncan E. Teague

Cuddly baby boy was shaken
Shaken like a chocolate malt
then beat
Scrambled for being precious
Precious two years old, that's all
Just two years to grow
Not time enough to become a monster
Not big enough to be an abomination
by any unholy or sacred measure
But Father saw it in him
Did what he had to do

Cuddly little boy cast into eternity still crying
Sweet Williams trampled under big manly feet
trampled by sperm donors
Playing father
Not a Daddy
Shaking boys out of themselves

Beat the punk out of him
Only its in there so deep
You have to do shake them to do death
Can not
Can not slap that loving gentle nature out
Stomp it out, then
It's in too deep

Rather Sissy boys were singing with Michael or Gabriel
then disgracing the name
Singing more beautiful than the morning birds
Being brilliant
Bright babies or real smart boys
better the seed die then become a flower

Boys deflowered and plucked apart
found in pieces among the rushes

No Moses in the basket,
Steen Fenrich strewn among the weeds
Pharaoh destroyed this young tree
lost his step fatherly mind and drown in the sea of guilt and shame
Red with Steen's nine-teen years of sweet gay blood
Steen's sonhood ended
He watches with the other Sweet Williams
Angelically from the Safe Plains of Eden
Where all the boy babies shaken not stirred
are playing with the Goddesses, among the winged ponies
butterflies, cattails and Fairies
Safe now they sing
Oh, how they sing of beauty and joy
They flutter free flying far above the rest

"Carlyle's Theory"

by Malik M.L. Williams

She was the only woman I could ever love.
Warm, beautiful,
perfect in every way.
Pity:
the only woman I could ever love
was the one who loved me
too much.
Smothered me with it
and stole for herself
that part of me that would have
eventually
led me to another woman.

In her eyes I saw the desperation,
the hope that I would be
everything he could not
or would not be.
That I would stay with her
forever.
And as she held me in her arms
a mother cradling her child
I cringed/shrank/shriveled away,
becoming less than what God intended
and knowing that she would
forever
truly be
the only woman I could ever love.

"Little Black Boy"

by Duncan E. Teague
March 2000

There is a little Black boy inside o' me
That didn't want to jump in the deep end
Didn't want to jump in at all
Wanted to glide and automatically know what to do
When the cool water washed over me
Swim, glide, skate, hit the ball, kick the ball, make the hoop
Why should I have to put myself through humiliation

I was a little Black boy who would use a word like "humiliation"
before I was supposed to be old enough
Using ten dollar words
Know body likes a smartass
NO Boys use words like humiliation

Being too smart makes you sound "white"
Being too sensitive makes you act like a girl
Being too alert makes you tense
but you survive

Just wanted to play and have fun
Without being the target of very ball,
every laugh,
every little statement whispered aloud
If ya get hit on the Jungle Jim for being a sissy
Is that gay bashing, yet

.

My little Black boy-self
loved pretty, dressing up on Sundays,
Pretty things don't come into the world of boys
You have to cross the playground to find pretty
You have to change the cartoons on T.V.
You want to sneek to the other side of the aisle in the department store
If you want pretty in your life
You just shouldn't
If you're a little Black boy.

I was revered, envied and decorated at Sunday School
What we learned from the Bible I recited with ease
That Jesus loves the little children
Even little Black boys, Deacon Teague's boys
God, our Father, would always be there for me
If you left the Black Baptist Church you were leaving home

I figured out on my own
Black Sissy boys can sing
They act funny and God will forgive
My Church won't forgive
You don't have to tell nobody your business
Give it over to Jesus

Jesus has a hard time healing Punks,
Gamblers, and smokers

A little Black Boy
figured out words grown folks would spell
who loved to run, jump and play
liked pretty things, his cousine's dolls, and games
A boy who tore up the electric toy truck trying to see how it worked
and believed God loved him
and believed God of David and Jonathan loved him
and believed Jesus, God's little Boy loved him
and believed the pain would end someday

Some day the jeers would stop
That glorious day the Why questions would end
Triumphant day soon the Summer break would bring another boy
Who would play and understand
Not care 'bout the fight or wrestling
Be kind , not afraid of caring
Another little Black boy who would hold my hand
and maybe kiss me.

V.

"Dust It Off and Set It Out . . ."

"OUT"

by Anthony Antoine

I'm out, OUT
For the whole world to see.
Now all y'all parasites can't mess with me.
I'm a soldier in the field,
I use to run from the war
But it's no longer my problem
But for y'all to deal.
See,
It's time to take a stand,
Time to understand,
Time to be a man,
I've gots to be who I am.
From birth taught not to, by you you and you
Oh and you too honey I see you over there. Don't try to hide.
Now I disregard, although it's hard, Like crud on my shoe
They say it's a sin,
They say that we choose
To be labeled by your hateful names,
The joke and loser of the game
But trust, I only wanted to be the same.
Why would I choose so much pain and abuse?
Nature is the same for me and for you
Or did you choose? No?
Then why am I the one to blame
Cause somehow I figure it,
Ain't we all the same?
Nature is the same for me and for you.
So what's the problem?
Is it that you want me to hide
In that closet, quietly off to the side?
I don't think so.
Homey, don't play that
We on the same boat
Why don't you step back
As I choose to speak a little bit louder
To obtain what you already
Self-righteously have.

And as I speak a little bit louder,
You wonder why
Why?
Because you just don't hear me though
No, they just won't hear you.
They ain't gonna hear you.
Let it go, cause they ain't gonna hear you.
So as I sit and think of all those wasted years.
Uncomfortable situations and wasted years.
Me thinking its a sin and wasted years.
Me praying I don't go to Hell and wasted years.
You laughing at me and wasted years.
And worst of all,
Worst of all,
Me laughing at myself
And wasted years.
You know
Still sometimes that can bring me to tears
But since your won't hear me though
I won't let you see that
Though I will speak louder
To let you know
That I will not hide
No longer can I hide
Persecute me if you want for my pride
But as you do
You be aware
It's no longer my problem
I really don't care.
I'm no longer stressed by your parody.
I'm not stressed by the fact that you say
I've now two strikes against me.
Why?
Because I'm out, OUT
For the whole world to see.
Now all y'all parasites and leeches
Wanna be preachin'
Judgemental mother fuckers
Y'all cant' mess with me
You can't mess with him

Cause I'm out, OUT
For the whole world to see
It's no longer my problem
But for y'all to deal
It's no longer my problem
But for y'all to deal.
It's no longer my problem
But for y'all to deal.
It's no longer my problem - But for y'all to deal.

"My Righteous Dilemma"

by Duncan E. Teague,
Easter Sunday night, April 24, 2000, 12:10 AM

The head honcho for the National Missionary Baptist Convention got caught with his grimy hand in the holy cookie jar. It is the largest gathering of Black Americans singing gospel music and reciting the gay King James version of the Holy Bible.

The Pope with Parkinson's disease is kissing the wailing wall for penance for all the Jews the Catholics killed over the years.

My sister-in-law's pastor is a speaker at the stadiums full of Promise Keepers for all them God fearing mostly Pink men who leads them in prayers of reconciliation for sexually abusing all their gay sons and causing gender identity crises.

That Rev. So and So from somewhere way out there in Oklahoma thinks loving, talkative kind late coming home Jesus told him to harass the grieving families of gay men murdered by other lunatics while the families are having the funerals. This is his ministry to the bereaved.

Heard that the father of modern gospel music was hospitalized under an alias because he had a disease only fags get and the good Reverend did not want the Faithful to find out what the inspiration for all those moans in all those songs was.

My very devout Mamma who wore hats with every species of bird depicted on them, said in her profound faith she'd "rather you were a murderer or a thief."

My father, the proud Pastor, to help me in my grief at the loss of my mother and her fabulous hats preached two Sundays after the funeral, "you might end up in hell trying to live this same sex lifestyle. They call it these days." I believe I was the only gay activist present in church that day. I could have been wrong but I believe I was the only grief stricken gay activist in church that day missing his mother who did not understand.
I believe I was the only grief stricken gay activist sitting in church that day missing his dead mother and there only to support his father who

was grieving his wife and her fabulous hats.

I think I have some issues with the Black Church.

I think I have some issues with the majority White Church, too, while I am at it.

I think that my issues are well founded.

"What Church Do You Belong To?"

by Anthony Antoine

What church do you belong to?
I'm curious 'cause they all seem the same to me.
I'm curious 'cause the "Openly Gay Not Allowed" signs
obnoxiously plastered in invisible
but understood paint
appears on all their doors.
No?

Well, what church do you belong to?
'Cause they all seem the same to me.
Do you belong to that one
that had me religiously praying as a child
for God to take my life?
"Dear God, take this away from me
or take me away."
In Jesus name
I prayed a thousand times that pitiful prayer
then rose from my knees and the altar
to scrounge for a nickel minus a penny's worth of self-esteem.
to believe that someone as Almighty
as the Almighty
could actually love me:
a gay black child in ghetto Newark.
Hell, God's absence of response
to a hard-working, uprighteous woman such as my mother's
prayers for food everyday
or shoes on her kids' feet
was evidence enough that God wasn't going to answer
my gay prayers.

And what church do you belong to?
Was it the one that I faithfully attended
every Sunday to faithfully hear preached
every other Sunday
that the core of who I knew myself to be,
the core of who I am,
is a sin?

The one where I saw everyone who was anyone
giving their last dollars in support
to hear that sermon again and again
and again in the very near future.
The church that made that sin far greater than any other sin,
excusing the sin-is-a-sin-is-a-sin verse.
Oh, it's there, but you skipped that page.

Or is it the one that allowed Ms. Sally Sunday School to call me
"sissy boy"
right after she puffed a long drag
on a short cigarette that slowly destroyed her temple
the temple that the Holy Book & God Almighty
ordered her to take care of.
It's in there too
and so it is written, though you choose to again ignore.
How convenient to miss that page.

What church do you belong to?
Is it the one led by Pastor
"When You Grow Up Boy, Be Just Like The Preacher"
Peterson –
a saved, sanctified and filled with the Holy Spirit man he was.
Closest thing to Jesus himself
Next to none and loved by all
Even on the days that he led me
to the back offices of the church
said I needed some spiritual counseling
then he filled me with his holy spirit.

What church do you belong to?
And what congregation do you sit in?
And I'm not just talking 'bout just on Sundays
and some Wednesdays,
if it's not too busy of a week for you
But think about the congregations you sit in
the rest of the week.
The congregations you're sure to keep hidden
in your self-righteous closets
as you sing Amazing Grace

as early as this Sunday morning.

And so I ask:
What church do you belong to?
'Cause they all seem the same to me.
Excuse me!
What church do I belong to?
Me?
I don't!
And now I know you're not going to fix your lips
to ask me why.

Epilogue

"ADODI Muse 3010"

by Duncan E. Teague
Stardate: April 24, 2000. 12:50 PM

Standing on the cliffs of this century
A precipice above the burdensome care of rent, the telephones, the gas, or lights
Gazing into the azure rising tide of a day to come.

Wondering
Figuring
Guessing
Hoping against the evidence
And even praying
Our busy very important lives will not still pollute the air
at the festival dance of the ADODI Muses 3020

That our open discontent and our open wounds
still unhealed gashes carved by Mediaeval faithful notions of Fairies, faggots in fires,
hung Shephards on field fences
will fair better in the glorious gay times to come.

That Big Mamma and Sweet Daddy Church will love all their children
Every little queer genetically altered to perfection child
Proudly love them

Since we will be playing with Gods of 3010
Let us play joyfully
No longer barbarically sacrificing innocent children to the Volcano
Trying to appease our own sexual terror
May the orgasm be safe, healing, glorious,
and last for hours at a time

Should our earth yet survive the human infestation
We pray that joy returns victorious,
after the global Poverty Wars.
The very first Universal Peace Treaty signed with the extraterrestrials
will include the rights of those who cannot simply marry today.

I hope we are remembered for our vigilance against the plague that ended late into 2000's.
After half of the Mother Africa was decimated
and repopulated by Her children seeking home.
After the corruption was unmasked behind the Pharmaceuticals process,
may they craft 20 story, big, black, onyx statues of us.
Holographs circling the base retelling our truth.
Big Black Queens in New York Harbor dwarfing the grand old Lady

When they teleport from one place to another
May they hear over the Earthnet Fox Planet Station
Loudly and clearly,

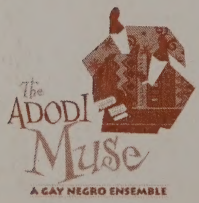
"We Are Here
"We are proud Black Gay Men
Standing tall with our heads held High"

...and some queen who resembles remarkably the founding ADODI Muse starts to recite it from childhood video babysitter memories.
Ask, puzzled, and smart-assed,
" Why do they play that same old stuff anymore"
We are free now.

The ADODI Muse
A Gay Negro Ensemble

ADODI Muse was established in 1995 as a safe place for Black gay men's written stories, poems, and essays. Heretofore, there were hundreds of Black gay Atlanta writers felled by the epidemic, or silenced by homophobia, who left no trace of their unique written contributions. We honor the idea and the founding of our efforts by Tony Daniels (1965-1998) and Jerel Cooper, the founding manager. We are continually guided by Tony's spirit and his written words.

We proudly share the accomplishments and relationships we have forged: featured performers at the Natl. Black Arts Festival, 1996 & 1998, the Natl. Black Gay and Lesbian Leadership Forum, Black Gay Pride in Washington D.C., SONG's Mountain Top Festival, New Market, TN. Locally: The High Museum of Art's PopART Series, Atlanta's Black Gay Pride, Atlanta Pride's AIDS Vigil, Atlanta Gay and Lesbian Arts Festival, Emory Univ.'s Queering the South, and many more. We cherish the tremendous support we enjoy from Atlanta's Queer family.


The
ADODI
Muse
A GAY NEGRO ENSEMBLE